The world swam into focus, the dingy apartment of Imp City, a mile or so from I.M.P., the air thick with the scent of sulfur and something vaguely resembling burnt popcorn. You blinked, disoriented, the last thing you remembered was… well, nothing. Just a sudden, overwhelming sense of wrongness, and then… this.

A figure, familiar yet alien, stood before you. Red skin, white freckles dusting his cheeks, a short reptilian snout, and a forked tongue. He was shorter than you remembered, maybe 3.9 feet tall, but the most striking feature was the white, spiky hair leading up to a pair of curvy black-and-white horns. His yellow sclera with black vertical slit pupils stared at you with a look of pure joy.

"Maxxie!" the imp exclaimed, his voice a familiar, high-pitched tenor. "You're alright! I was so worried!"

Maxxie? Your name wasn't Maxxie. And who was this imp? You tried to speak, to ask what was going on, but the words caught in your throat. You fumbled for your phone, your lifeline to the world, but before you could even unlock it, Maxxie's hand, surprisingly strong for his size, shot out and grabbed your arm.

"You don't need that anymore, Maxxie," he said, his voice laced with a strange, unsettling tenderness. He tossed your phone into a nearby trash bin.

Fear, cold and sharp, pierced through the confusion. "Who… who are you? Get away from me!"

"I'm Moxxie," the imp replied, a smile spreading across his face. "And I'm here to save you."

Save you? From what? The question hung in the air, unanswered. Moxxie reached into his tailcoat and produced a small, golden pocket watch, a pendulum swinging gently from its chain. He held it up, the chain dangling, and the pendulum began to swing back and forth, mesmerizing.

You tried to look away, to break the spell, but your gaze was locked. The world narrowed, the sounds of the apartment fading, replaced by the rhythmic tick-tock of the pendulum and Moxxie's voice.

"Now, as you watch the pendulum swing, you will begin to feel all of your thoughts become focused on only the pendulum and my voice."

Is he seriously RIGHT about this? I am LEFT shocked by...oh, getting RIGHT to think. It’s LEFT so tiring that RIGHT maybe LEFT he is RIGHT can’t LEFT think RIGHT any LEFT more RIGHT. LEFT. RIGHT. LEFT. RIGHT…

A giggle, echoing in your mind, followed. "Wow, you are quite willing. Now, just let the thoughts of the pendulum begin to make you tired. Sleepier, and sleepier, and sleepier…"

Left, right… your vision blurred. Everything started to go black, and now everything was completely silent. Left, right. You felt your eyes close under the weight of their tiredness and…

Snap!

All thoughts vanished. The only things you could see was the pendulum, and the only thing you could hear was Moxxie's voice. "Now, anything and everything I instruct you to do or tell you about yourself is and will be the truth."

Your mind felt open, ready to be programmed.

"Your hair is exactly like mine, and you have horns exactly like mine," Moxxie began, his voice smooth and hypnotic. "Your face is exactly like mine. Your voice is exactly like mine. Your gender is male. Your arms are exactly like mine, ending in four-fingered hands. Your tail is long and devil-like, able to

swirl and flick with a simple thought, identical to mine. Your legs are digitigrade, ending in red cloven hooves, identical to mine. You are 3.9 feet tall. Your clothes are exactly like mine."
The transformation was complete.
"Now, listen to me very carefully. Your memories just will not be able to match this body, so I'm going to correct them for you. Your name is Maxxie, and your nickname is Max. You're my identical twin brother of the same age, and you are the most vocal and realistic of the employees of I.M.P. alongside me. You share the same parents as me, our kind and caring mom, and our abusive father Crimson, we were born that same day in the Wrath Ring. When we were toddlers, our father forced us to kill our mother against our will, much to our horror and sadness. Our father continued to force us to accept our criminal obligations, such as forcing us to execute other imps and participate in violent skirmishes. We were eventually elevated as a fully fledged member of our father's mafia. During our elevation to full member of the mafia, we both met and immediately fell in love with Chazwick Thurman, a loan shark demon. We both dated with Chaz for some time and we even involved ourselves in gang wars together, but our relationship with Chaz ended, when in a heist gone wrong, your leg and my leg were trapped and Chaz fled leaving both of us to be arrested. In prison, we met Blitzo and helped us with our escape plan. You hate theme parks, pop music, and killing the innocent, but your favorite things to do include culinary arts, participate musical theaters, and support fellow artists (demons and humans alike). Now, could you repeat that for me?"
You didn't know why he was asking, but you repeated the words, each detail ringing true.
"Great. Now, when I say 3, you will fall into a deep sleep and you'll wake up when my wife and your step-sister, Millie, come to wake you and I up. One...two...three."

The next morning, Millie's gentle shake woke you. "Maxxie, Moxxie, time to get up, you two!"
You blinked, the remnants of a dream, a life that wasn't yours, fading away. Your name was Maxxie. You were an imp. You were Moxxie's twin brother. You remembered yesterday, a mission gone wrong, a nasty fall, a concussion. You remembered Moxxie and Millie rescuing you, bringing you back to the apartment. You loved them both.
"Morning, Millie," you mumbled, stretching. "Thanks for saving me yesterday."
Moxxie, your twin, smiled. "Anytime, Max. Now, let's get ready. We've got a job to do."
And so, life continued.
"Oh crumbs," you muttered, as Blitzo yelled at you for the umpteenth time that week.
"Don't worry, Max," Moxxie said, patting your shoulder. "We'll get through it."
"I love you, Maxxie," Millie said, kissing your cheek.
"I love you too, Millie," you replied.